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COMICS
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X-FACTOR™



LEAD/MILGROM

HEY, NANNY!
THERE THEY
ARE, COMIN'
OUTTA THAT
CHURCH!

HUSH, MY ORPHAN
MAKER, YOU MUSTN'T
EXCITE YOURSELF,

NOT
YET.

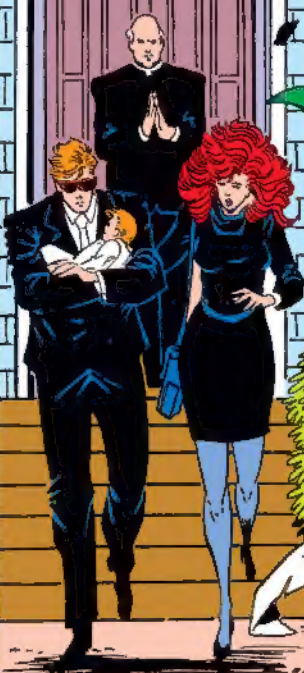
STAN LEE PRESENTS:

DUST TO DUST

SHE NEVER
HAD A REAL
LIFE BEYOND
US...AND THE
X-MEN.

IT'S FITTING,
SOMEHOW,
THAT WE ALONE
HAVE SEEN
HER TO HER
FINAL REST!

SEEMS
FUNNY TO
HAVE SUCH A
SMALL CEREMONY,
MADELYNE, THE FOR-
MIDABLE GOBLIN
QUEEN, IS CREMATED
...AND WE'RE THE
ONLY ONES
HERE.



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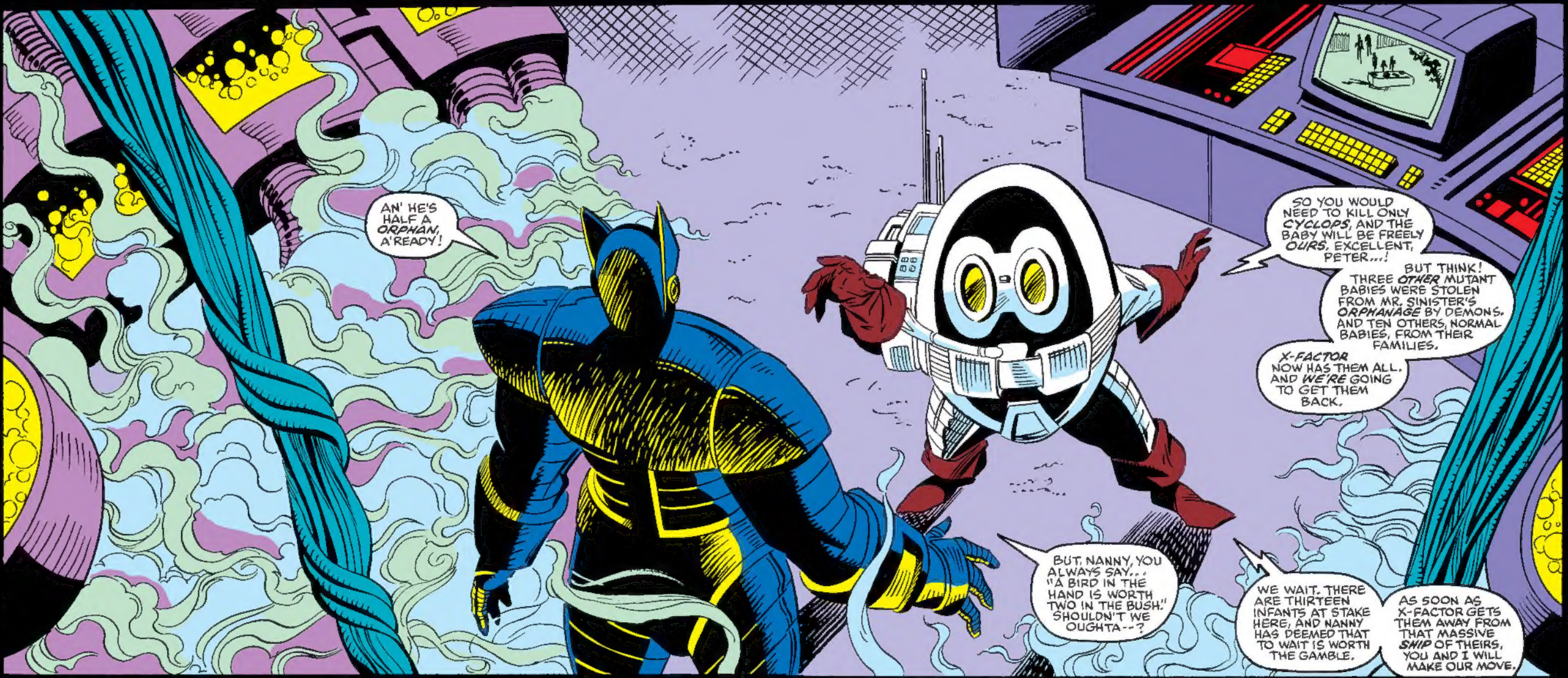
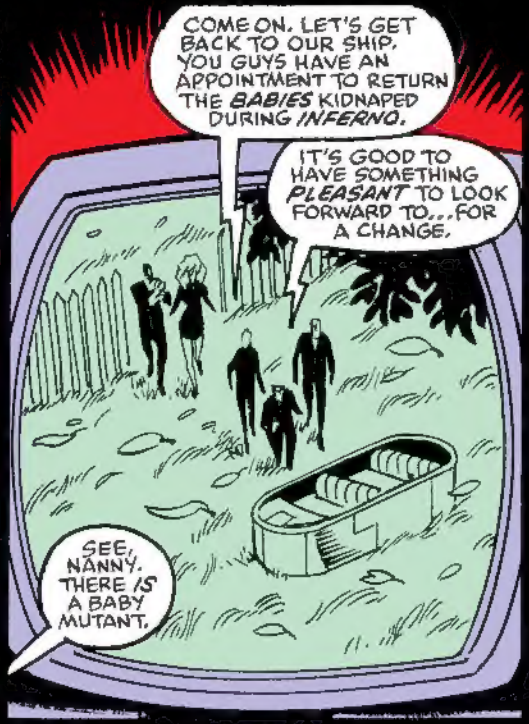
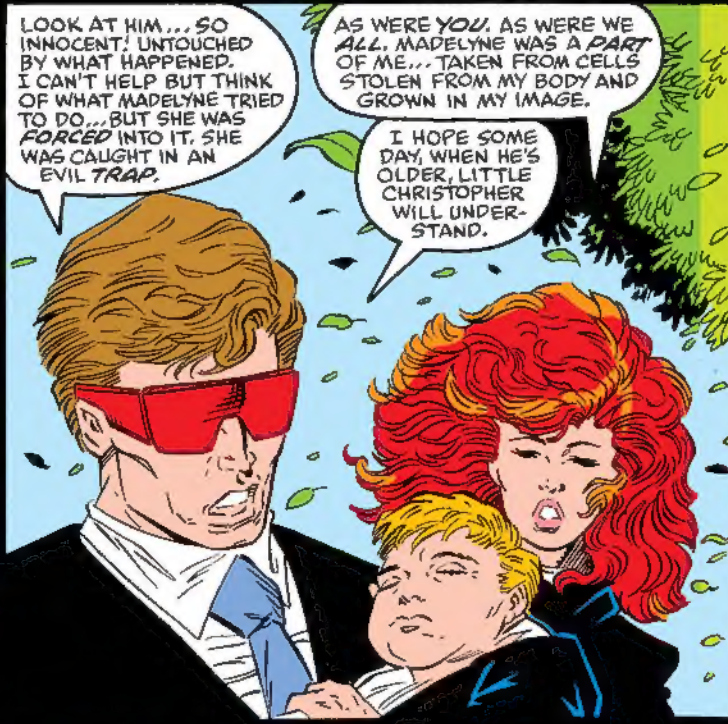
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X-FACTOR'S SHIP HOVERS OVER THE NORTH ATLANTIC LIKE A VAST TECHNOLOGICAL CLOUD.

ITS DECK SWARMS WITH LIFE, HUMAN AND MUTANT, CHILDREN AND ADULTS, ALL SURVIVORS OF THE HORROR CALLED... INFERNO.

WELCOME BACK X-FACTOR! WE ARE GLAD TO HAVE YOU HOME AGAIN.

BOBBY, IT IS ODD, BUT MY SCANNERS SHOW A SHADOW IN THE CLOUDS, I CANNOT SAY WHAT IT IS...

DON'T SWEAT IT, SHIP! IF IT'S NOT BOTHERING YOU...DON'T BOTHER IT.

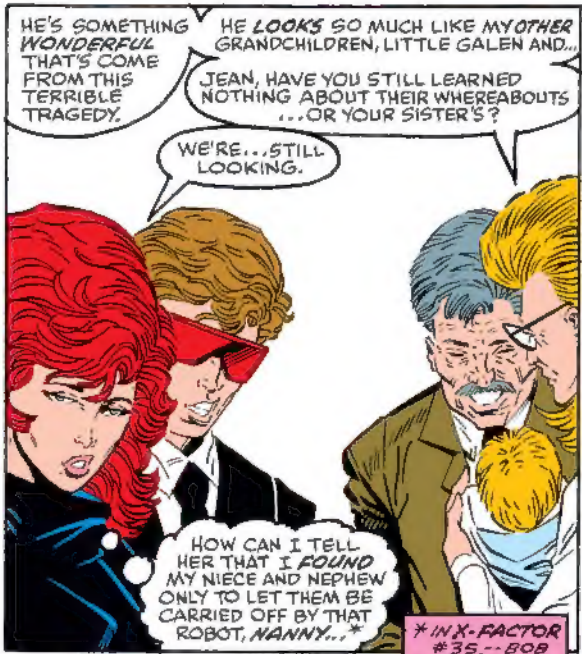
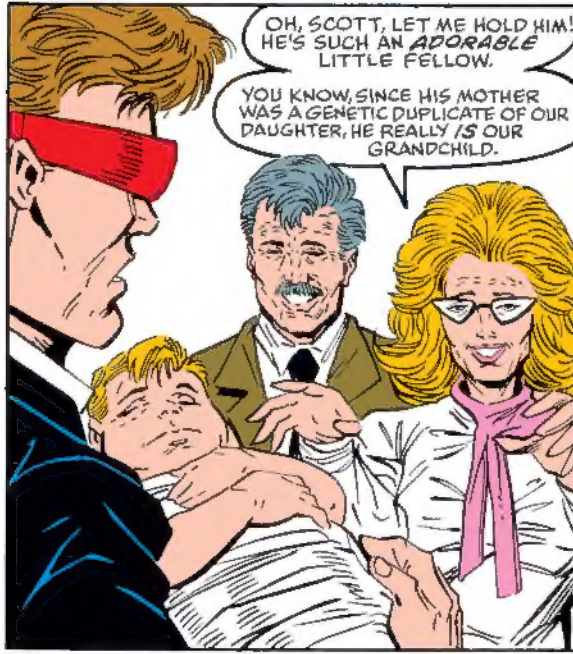
LIVE AND LET LIVE, THAT'S MY NEW MOTTO.

JEAN!

LEECH SCARED YOU GO...

NOT SAY...

...GOOD-BYE!

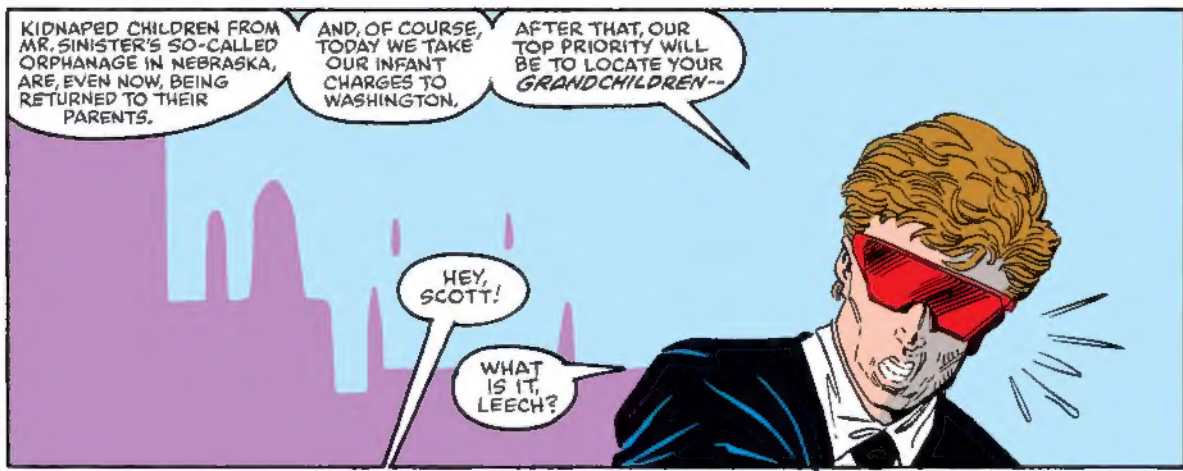




...WHILE I CHOSE TO SAVE LITTLE CHRISTOPHER INSTEAD.

THEY SEEMED SAFE ENOUGH WHILE CHRIS WAS IN GRAVE DANGER. BUT NOW WE HAVE TO FIND THEM... ONLY WHERE DO WE BEGIN?

WE'LL FIND THEM, MRS. GREY.



KIDNAPED CHILDREN FROM MR. SINISTER'S SO-CALLED ORPHANAGE IN NEBRASKA, ARE, EVEN NOW, BEING RETURNED TO THEIR PARENTS.

AND, OF COURSE, TODAY WE TAKE OUR INFANT CHARGES TO WASHINGTON.

AFTER THAT, OUR TOP PRIORITY WILL BE TO LOCATE YOUR GRANDCHILDREN--

HEY, SCOTT!

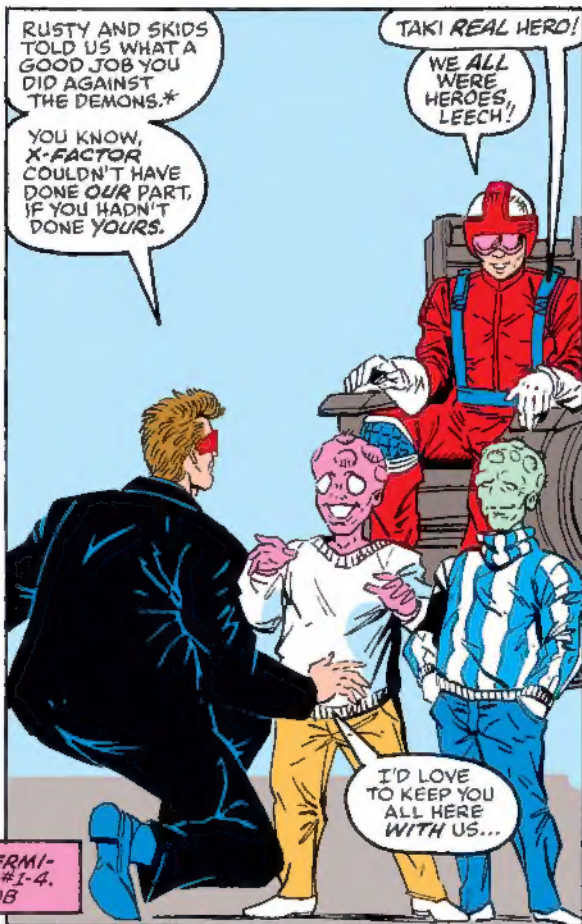
WHAT IS IT, LEECH?



LEECH 'N' ARTIE 'N' TAKI...

...READY... LEAVE...

...GO BACK... SCHOOL...



RUSTY AND SKIDS TOLD US WHAT A GOOD JOB YOU DID AGAINST THE DEMONS.*

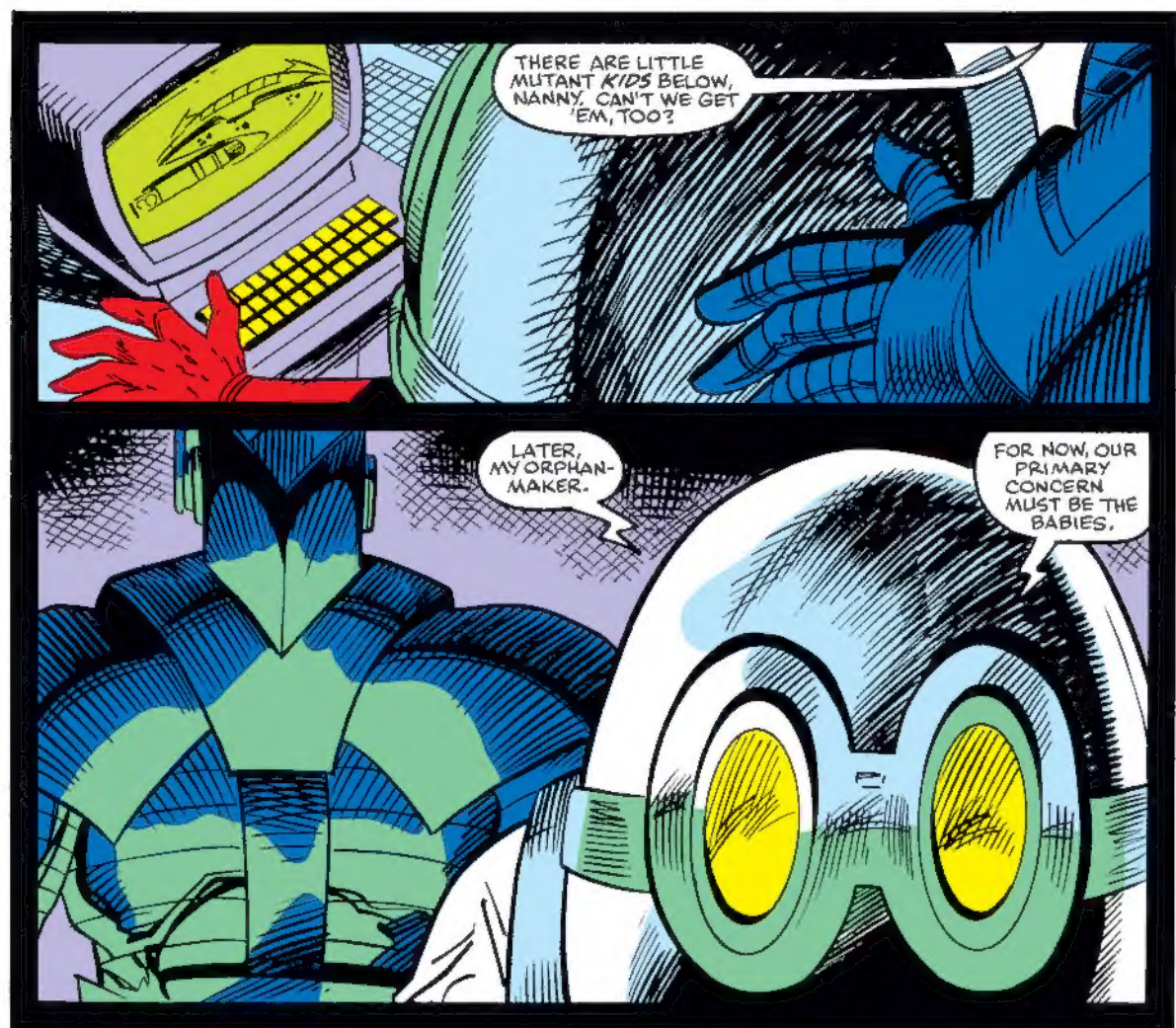
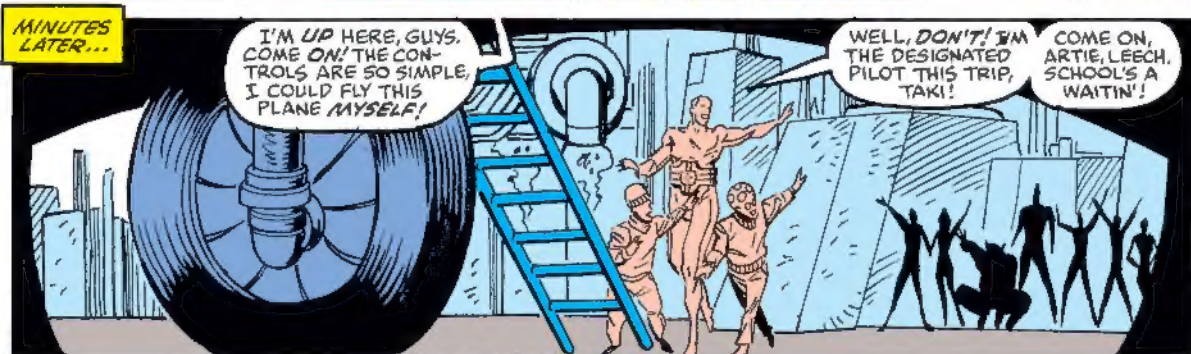
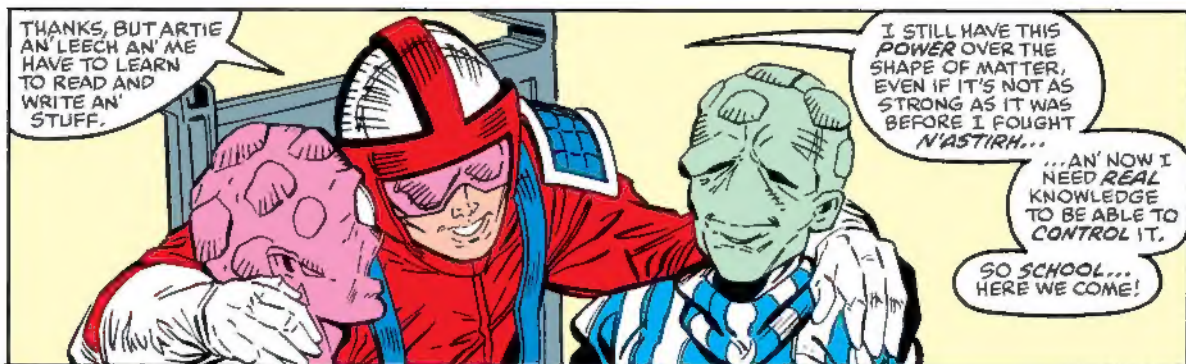
YOU KNOW, X-FACTOR COULDN'T HAVE DONE OUR PART, IF YOU HADN'T DONE YOURS.

TAKI REAL HERO!

WE ALL WERE HEROOES, LEECH!

I'D LOVE TO KEEP YOU ALL HERE WITH US...

*IN X-TERMINATORS #1-4.
--BOB



AND SOON...



THEY'RE
HEERE!

YOU'RE
LUCKY LITTLE
KIDS, YOU KNOW
THAT? YOU'RE
GOING HOME!

WE'RE
LUCKY, TOO!
MAN, DID WE
GET A
BREAK!

HOW DO YOU
FIGURE THAT,
BOOM-BOOM?

WELL, WE WERE
SUPPOSED TO
GO BACK TO
SUMMER SCHOOL,
BUT THE SCHOOL
SAID WE MISSED
TOO MUCH TIME...

...SO THAT
IT'S NOT
WORTH
GOING
BACK!

NOT TO MENTION THAT THEY'RE UNDER-
STANDABLY NERVOUS ABOUT THE POSSIBILITY
OF MORE MUTANT-RELATED INCIDENTS...

...AND
THEIR EFFECT
ON THE SCHOOL'S
GOOD NAME!

IF ALL
IT TAKES IS
"INCIDENTS,"
I, PERSONALLY,
CAN ARRANGE
IT SO WE
NEVER HAVE
TO GO TO
SCHOOL!

LUCKY YOU,
I STILL HAVE
TO RETURN
TO NAVAL
PRISON.

DON'T
SWEAT IT
FOR THE MOMENT,
RUSTY.

WHILE WE'RE
IN WASHINGTON,
WE'LL TALK TO
THE POWERS
THAT BE AND
SEE WHAT CAN
BE ARRANGED.

YEAH!
THERE'S
GOT TO
BE SOME
TIME OFF
FOR GOOD
BEHAVIOR...!

SCOTT, ARE YOU REALLY
SURE THAT IT'S SAFE TO
LEAVE HIM HERE?

HIS BOTTLES
ARE IN THE
REFRIGERATION
UNIT AND HIS
DIAPERS ARE--

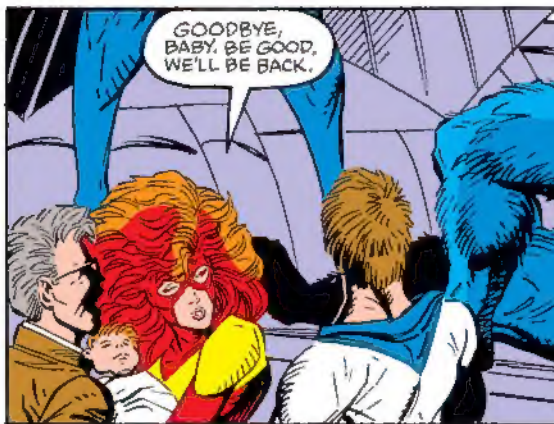




GO ON, DEAR. YOUR FATHER AND I ARE PERFECTLY CAPABLE OF WATCHING THE LITTLE ANGEL FOR A FEW HOURS.

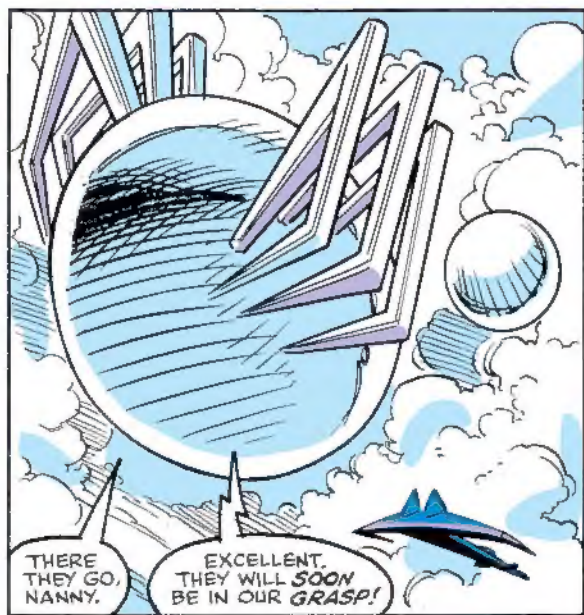
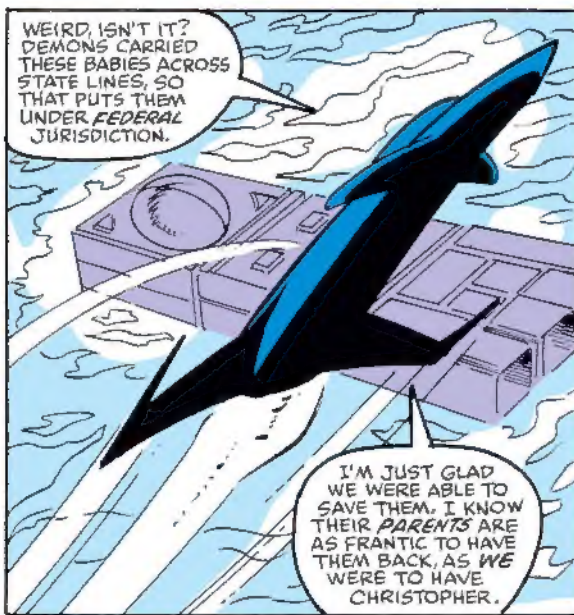
DO NOT WORRY, JEAN. BETWEEN YOUR PARENTS AND THE X-TERMINATORS AND ME, WE HAVE EVERYTHING WELL UNDER CONTROL.

I GUESS...MAYBE I AM BEING OVER-PROTECTIVE! IT'S JUST THAT...I'VE NEVER TAKEN CARE OF ANYONE THIS SMALL BEFORE.



NOW THAT THAT'S SETTLED, WE'D BEST BE ON OUR WAY.

THE FBI IS WAITING TO RECEIVE OUR CHARGES.





WHAT IS IT, JEAN? WHAT'S WRONG? YOU'RE NOT WORRIED ABOUT LEAVING CHRISTOPHER?

NO. IT'S *THESE* BABIES WHO WORRY ME, THEY'VE BEEN THROUGH SO MUCH.

LIKE US... LIKE YOUR SON, AND MY NIECE AND NEPHEW... THEY WERE BORN WITH AN **X-FACTOR** IN THEIR GENETIC STRUCTURE...

...THAT'S GIVEN THEM MORE-THAN-HUMAN POTENTIAL.

THEY'RE INNOCENT, TOO YOUNG FOR THEIR POWERS TO HAVE EMERGED, AND ALREADY THEY'VE BEEN EXPLOITED...

...BEEN PAWNS IN A **POWER GAME** OVER WHICH THEY HAD NO CONTROL.



LIKE JOEY AND GALEN... AND LITTLE CHRISTOPHER.

I RAILED AT MADELYNE BEFORE SHE DIED, I ACCUSED HER OF ABANDONING HER CHILD...

...BUT I ABANDONED MY OWN NIECE AND NEPHEW TO THAT MONSTROUS MUTANT-COLLECTING ROBOT!

STOP IT, JEAN. LISTEN TO ME. YOU MADE A HARD CHOICE, BASED ON YOUR BEST KNOWLEDGE... AND THE CRY OF YOUR HEART.

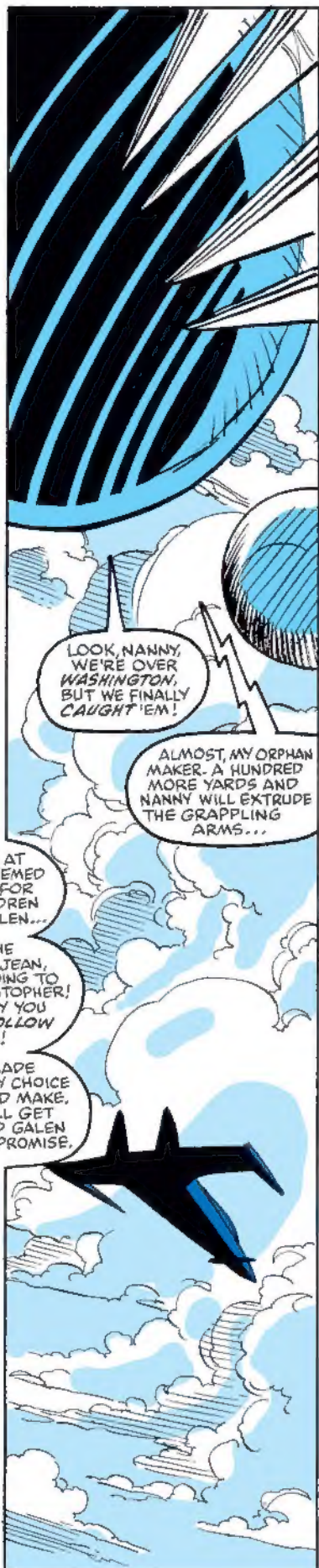
LOOK, NANNY, WE'RE OVER WASHINGTON, BUT WE FINALLY CAUGHT 'EM!

ALMOST, MY ORPHAN MAKER. A HUNDRED MORE YARDS AND NANNY WILL EXTRUDE THE GRAPPLING ARMS...

NANNY, AT LEAST, SEEMED TO CARE FOR THE CHILDREN SHE'S STOLEN...

BUT THE DEMONS, JEAN, WERE GOING TO KILL CHRISTOPHER! AND ONLY YOU COULD FOLLOW HIM!

YOU MADE THE ONLY CHOICE YOU COULD MAKE, BUT WE'LL GET JOEY AND GALEN BACK. I PROMISE.



"...AND THEN..."

KRUNCH!

WHAT THE HECK--?!

WE'VE... STOPPED! WE'RE HOVERING... NOT GOING ANYWHERE!

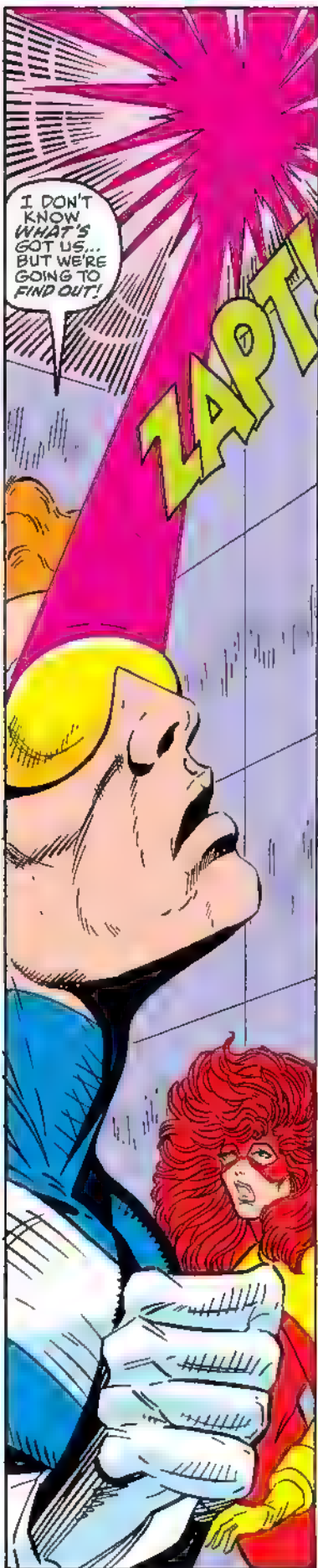
SOMETHING'S GOT US... BUT WHAT--?

AND NOW, PETER, PREPARE FOR OUR DESCENT! TO QUOTE AN OLD NURSERY RHYME...

"ONE-RY, TWO-RY, ZICKERY ZAN, HOLLOW BONE, CRACK A BONE, NINERY-TEN, SPITTERY SPOT, IT MUST BE DONE; TWIDDLEUM TWADDLE... AND THEY'LL BE GONE!"

BUT, NANNY, HOW'LL WE GET IN?

THINK, CHILD! YOU HAVE ONLY TO RIP OFF THE HATCH!

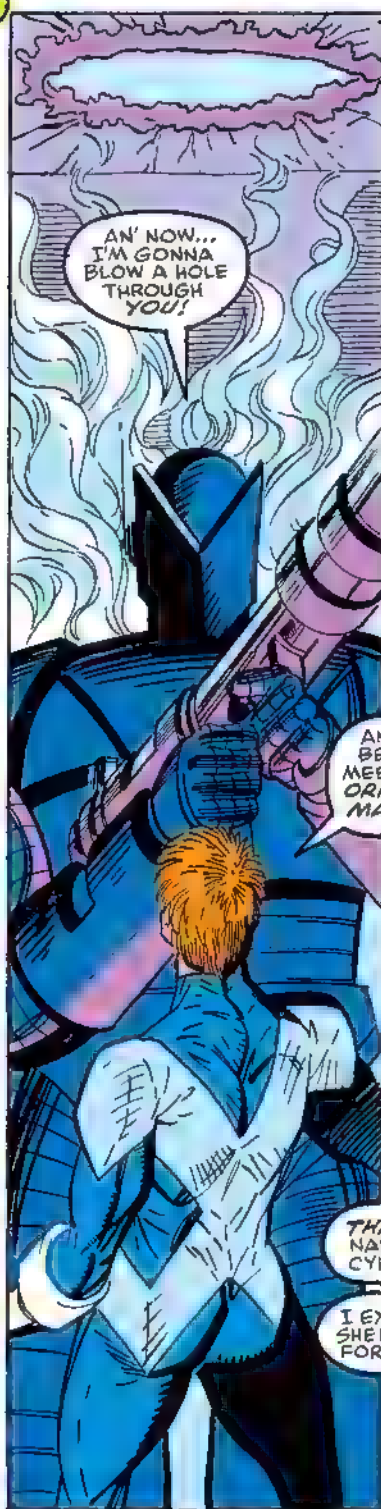


I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOT US... BUT WE'RE GOING TO FIND OUT!

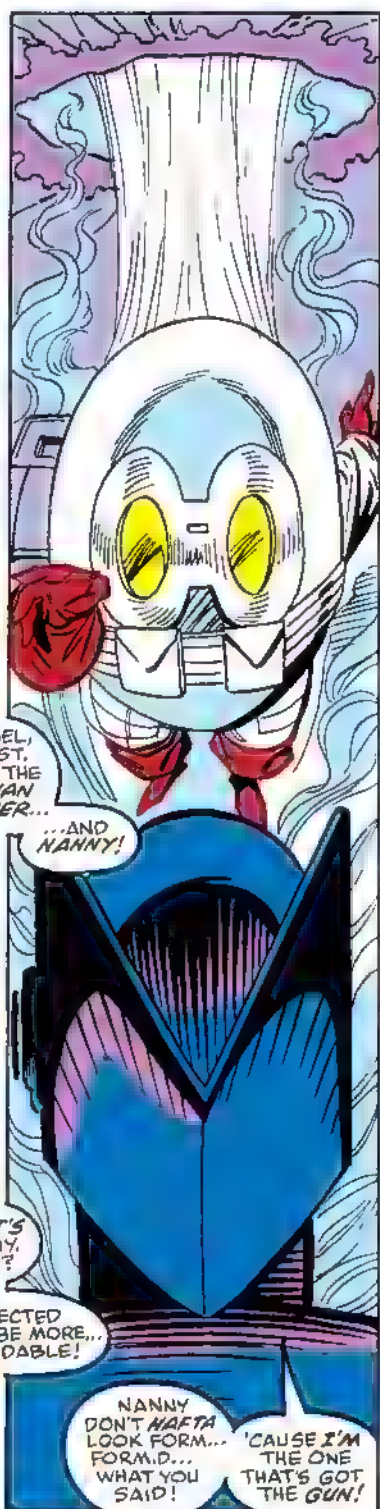
ZAPT!



HEY, COOL! YOU BLEW A HOLE THROUGH YOUR PLANE!



AN' NOW... I'M GONNA BLOW A HOLE THROUGH YOU!



ANGEL, BEAST, MEET THE ORPHAN MAKER...

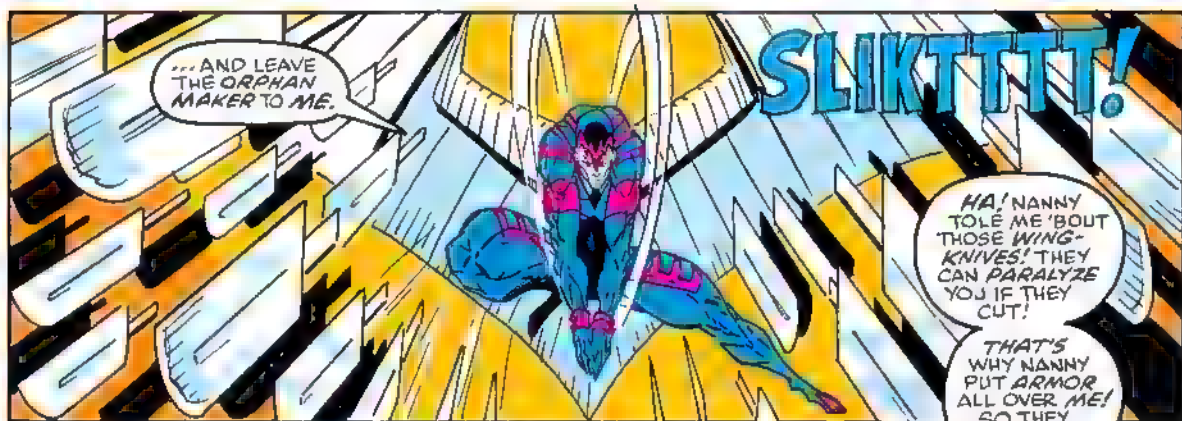
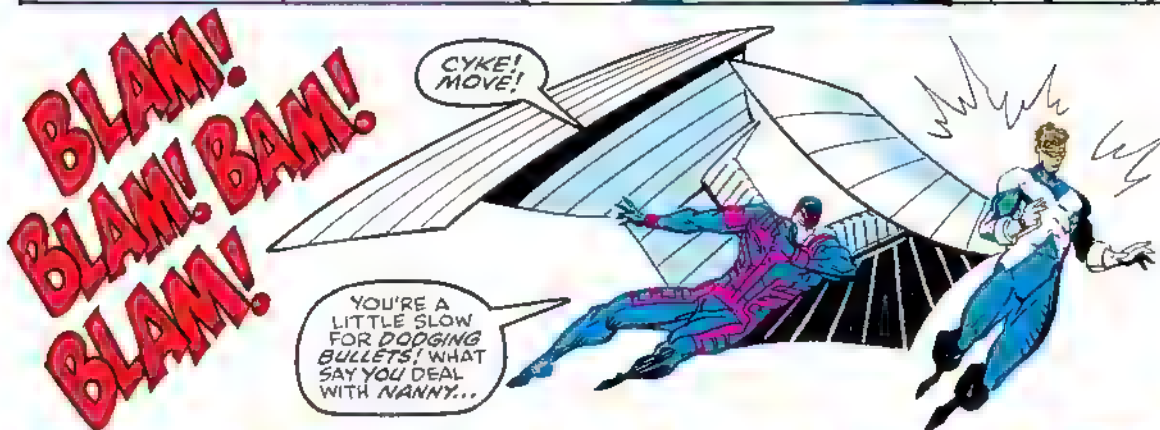
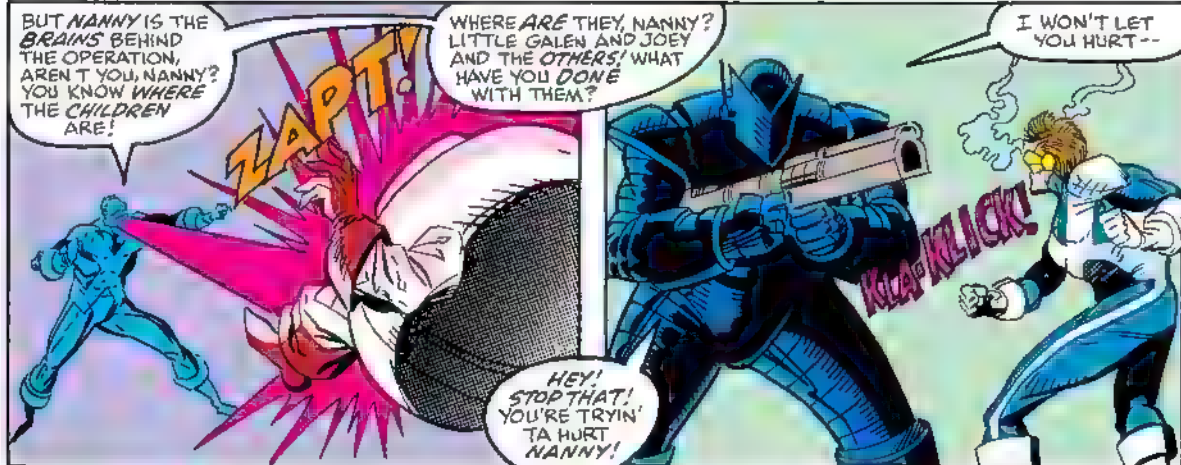
...AND NANNY!

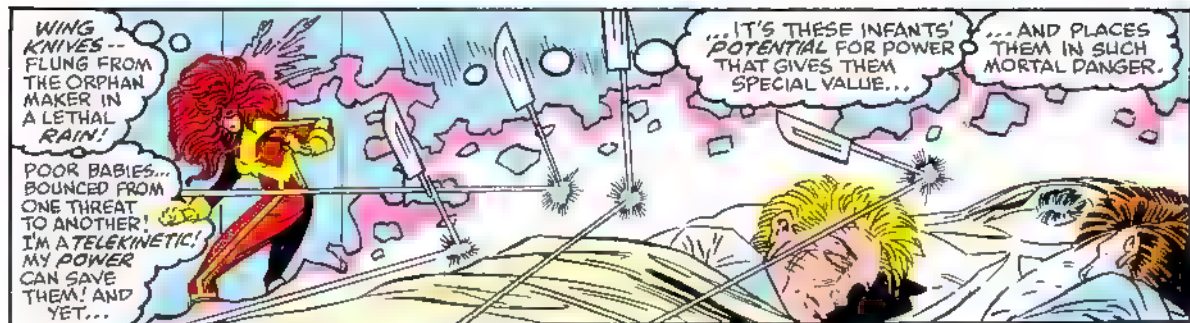
THAT'S NANNY, CYKE?

I EXPECTED SHED BE MORE... FORMIDABLE!

NANNY DON'T HAFTA LOOK FORM... WHAT YOU SAID!

'CAUSE I'M THE ONE THAT'S GOT THE GUN!



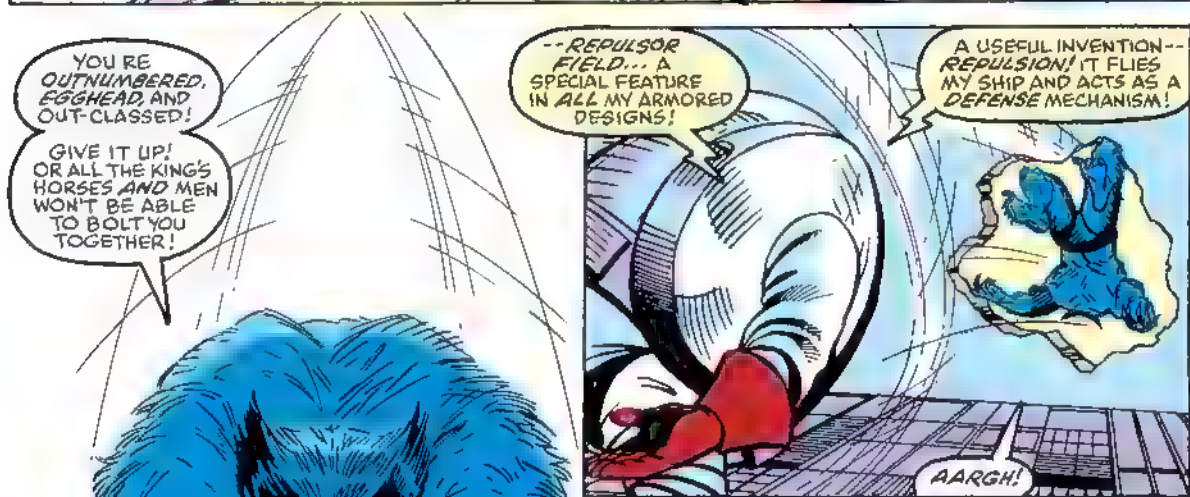


WING
KNIVES --
FLUNG FROM
THE ORPHAN
MAKER IN
A LETHAL
RAIN!

POOR BABIES...
BOUNCED FROM
ONE THREAT
TO ANOTHER!
I'M A **TELEKINETIC!**
MY **POWER**
CAN SAVE
THEM! AND
YET...

...IT'S THESE INFANTS'
POTENTIAL FOR POWER
THAT GIVES THEM
SPECIAL VALUE...

...AND PLACES
THEM IN SUCH
MORTAL DANGER.



YOU'RE
OUTNUMBERED.
EGGHEAD,
AND
OUT-CLASSED!

GIVE IT UP!
OR ALL THE KING'S
HORSES AND MEN
WON'T BE ABLE
TO BOLT YOU
TOGETHER!

--**REPUISOR**
FIELD... A
SPECIAL FEATURE
IN ALL MY ARMORED
DESIGNS!

A USEFUL INVENTION--
REPUISION! IT FLIES
MY SHIP AND ACTS AS A
DEFENSE MECHANISM!

AARGH!



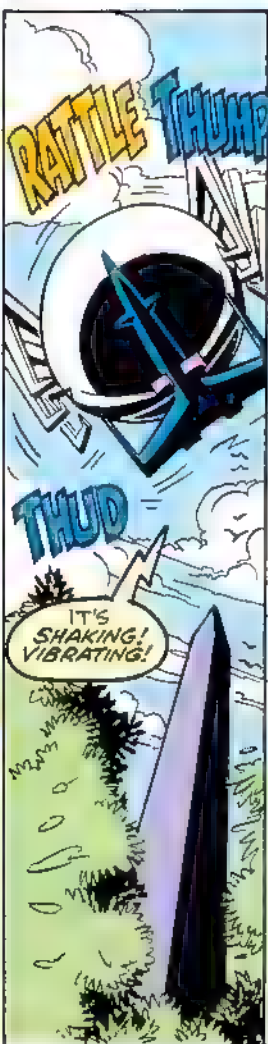
FOOL!
MY SHIP!

YOU'VE
SMASHED...
DESTROYED
MY SHIP'S
CONTROL
BOARD!

HEY! YOU...
HURLED ME
HERE...

I HAVE TAKEN
YOUR POWERS
INTO ACCOUNT,
AND HAVE
COMPENSATED
FOR THEM!

YOU
RECKON,
BEAST,
WITHOUT MY--



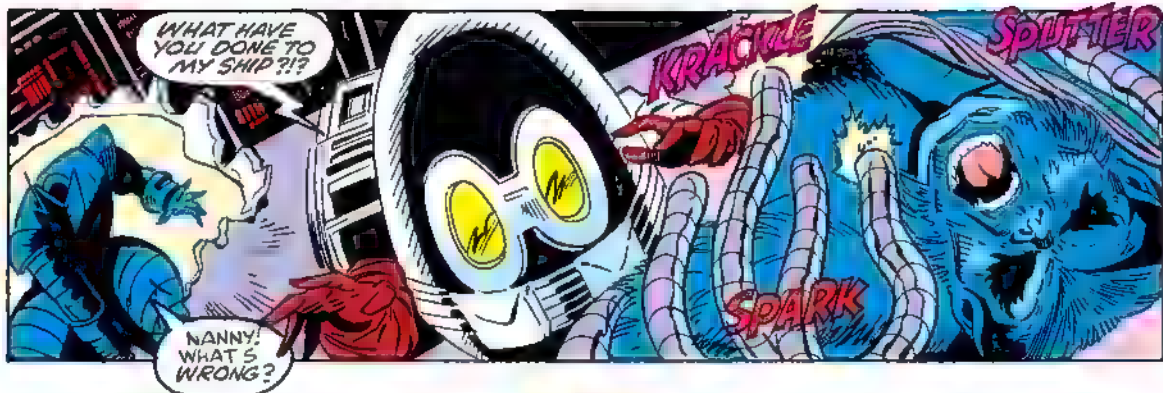
RATTLE THUMP

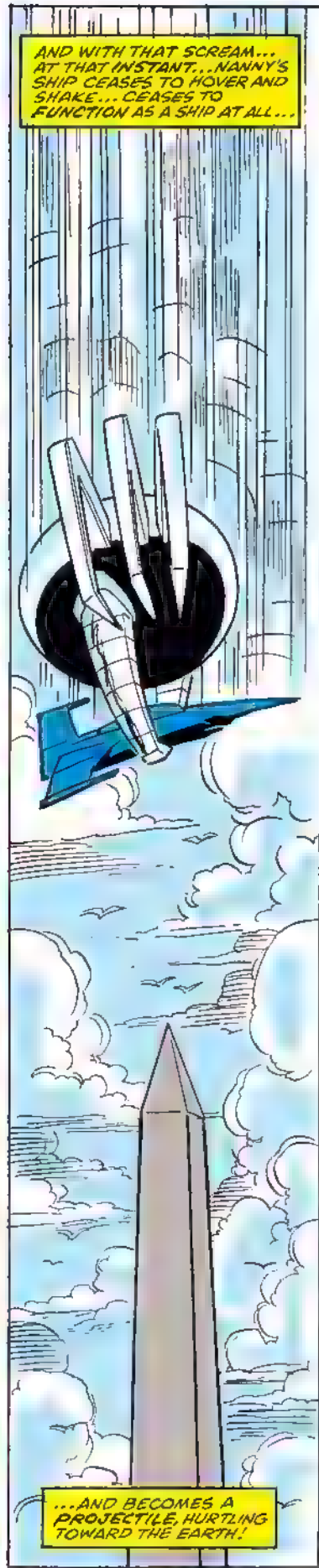
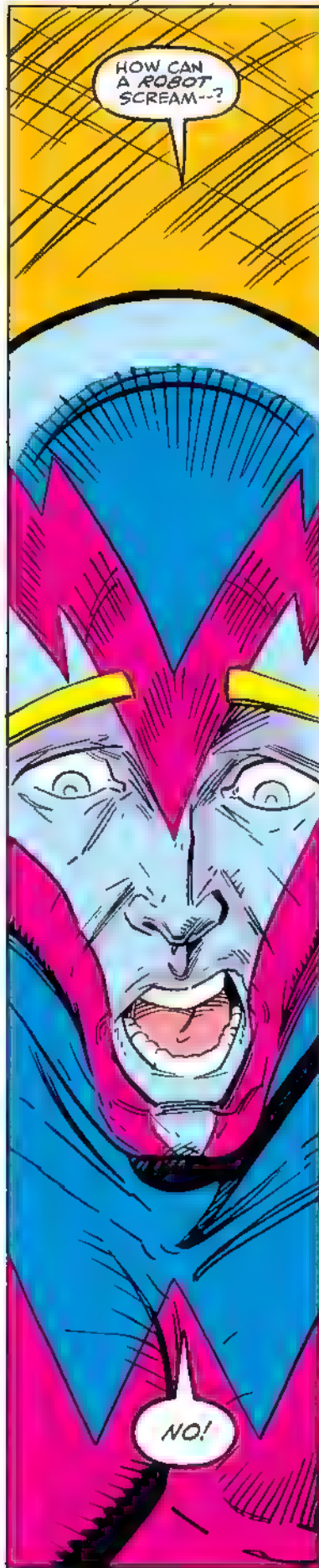
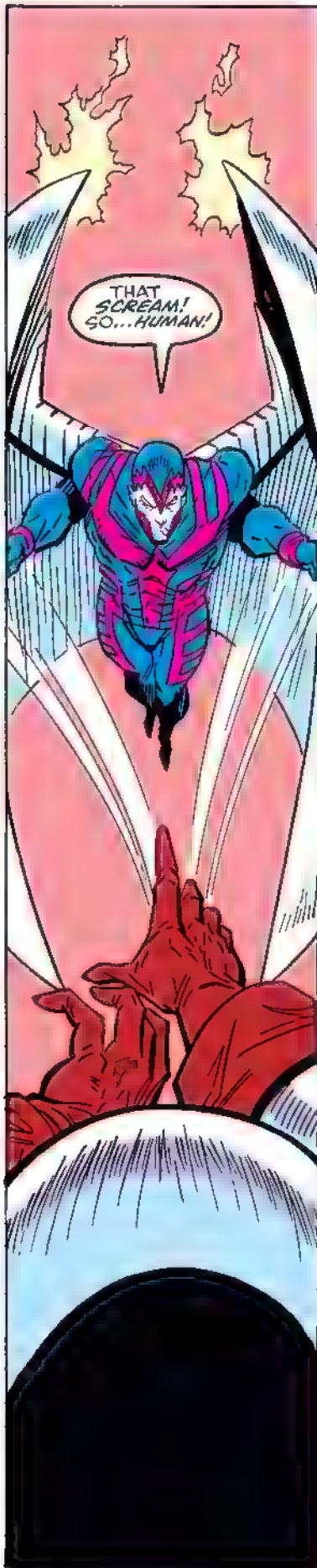
THUD

IT'S
SHAKING!
VIBRATING!

**KRACKLE
SNAP**

SPUTTER



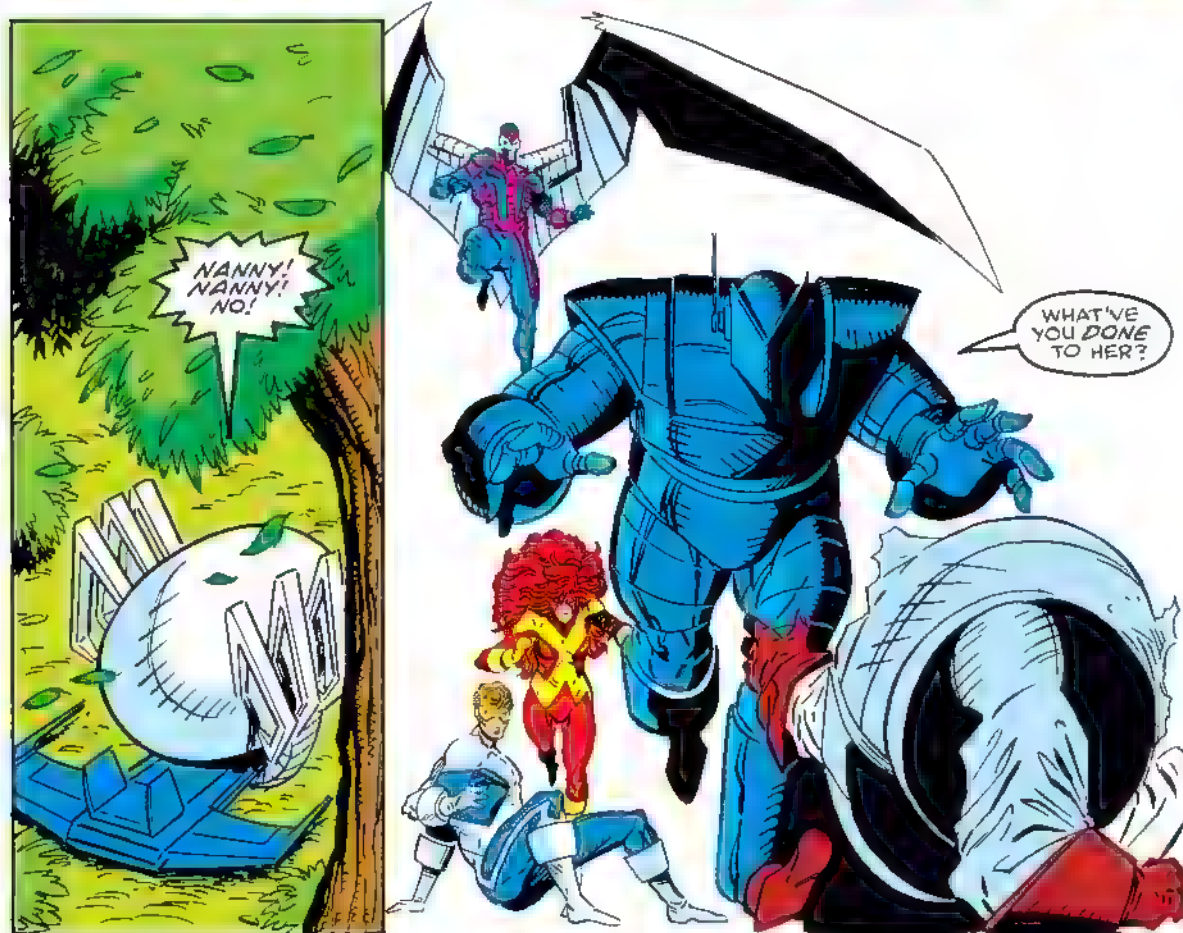
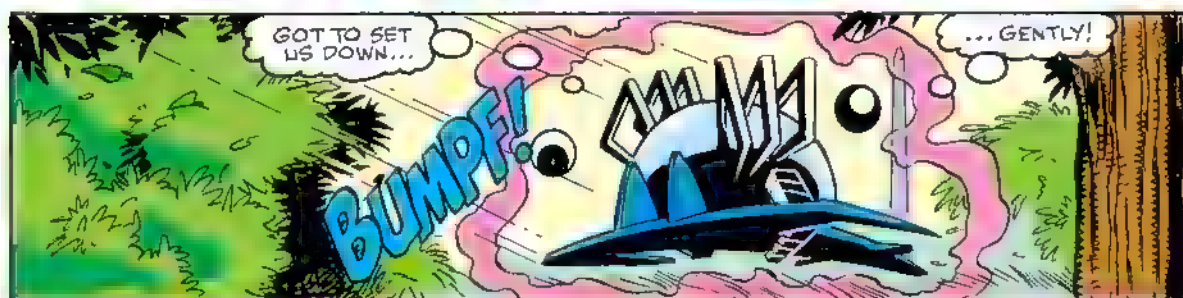
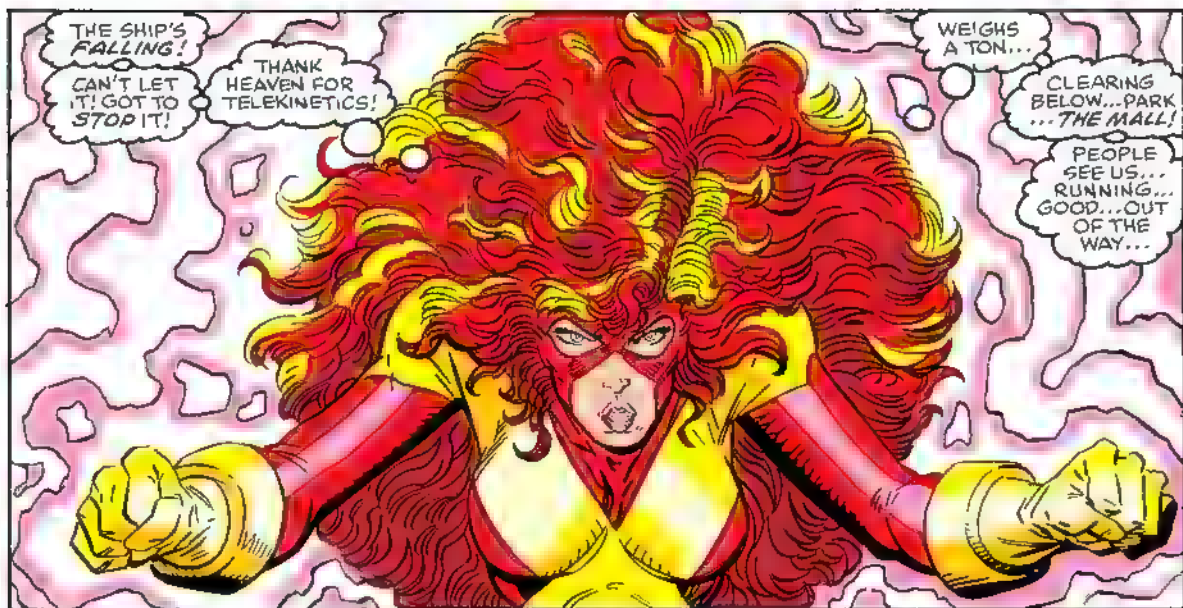


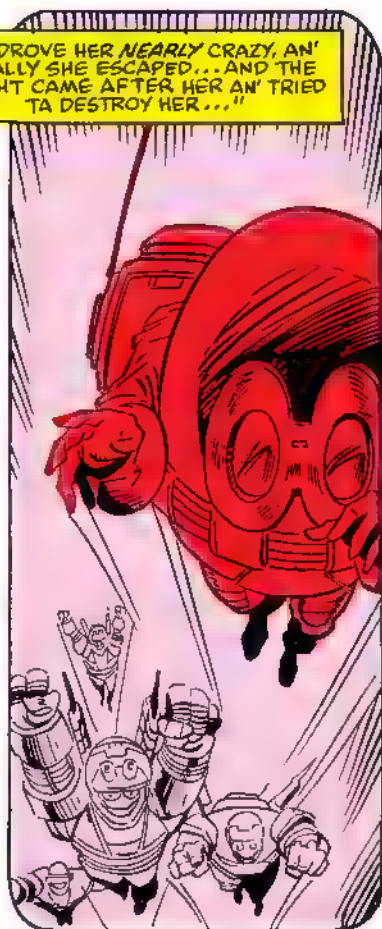
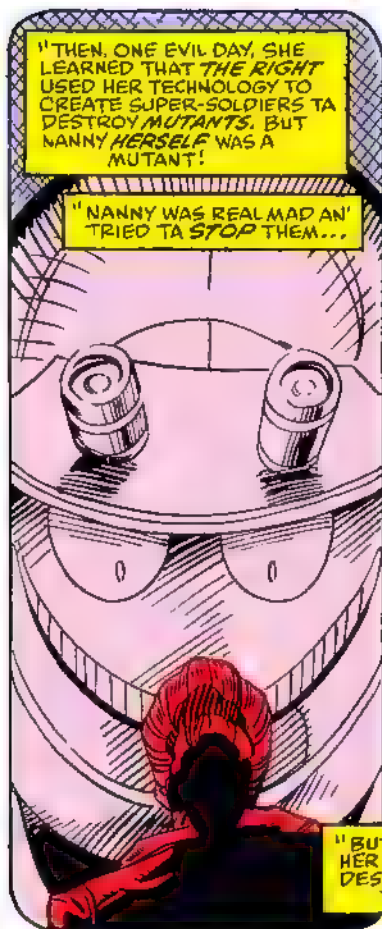
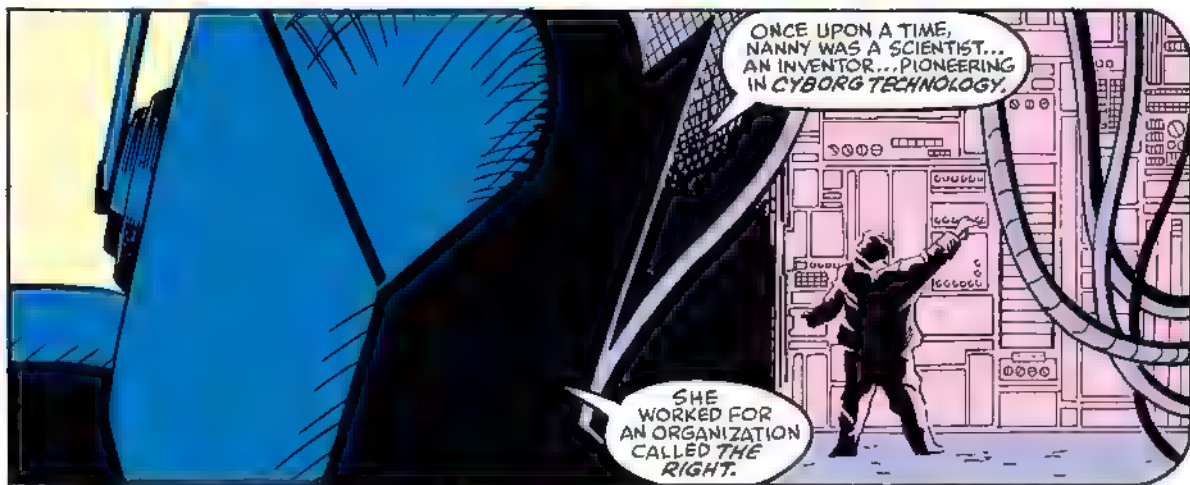
AND WITH THAT SCREAM...
AT THAT INSTANT... NANNY'S
SHIP CEASES TO HOVER AND
SHAKE... CEASES TO
FUNCTION AS A SHIP AT ALL...

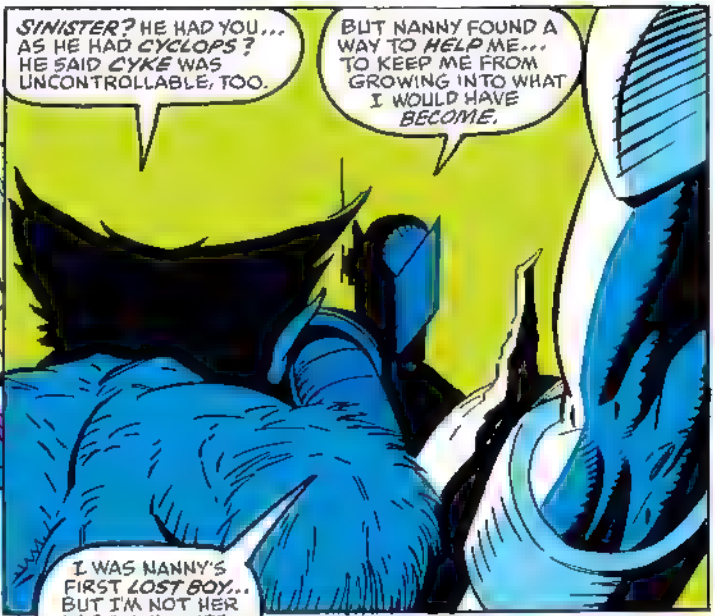
HOW CAN
A ROBOT
SCREAM--?

NO!

...AND BECOMES A
PROJECTILE, HURLING
TOWARD THE EARTH!







SINISTER? HE HAD YOU... AS HE HAD CYCLOPS? HE SAID CYKE WAS UNCONTROLLABLE, TOO.

BUT NANNY FOUND A WAY TO HELP ME... TO KEEP ME FROM GROWING INTO WHAT I WOULD HAVE BECOME.

I WAS NANNY'S FIRST LOST BOY... BUT I'M NOT HER LAST, AN' THERE WERE GIRLS, TOO, THAT NANNY SAVED.

AND WHERE DOES NANNY KEEP HER LOST BOYS... AND GIRLS?

SOMEWHERE WHERE YOU WON'T FIND THEM! AN' I WON'T TELL!

NANNY'S A LOW LEVEL TELEPATH, USES A KIND OF CHEMICAL DUST TO ENHANCE HER VICTIM'S RECEPTIVITY.

I CAN'T... READ HER MIND, EXACTLY... BUT I HAVE THIS FEELING...

...THAT BEYOND THIS WALL--

SINISTER. MR. SINISTER WOULD HAVE HAD HIM DESTROYED. MY ORPHAN MAKER IS TOO POTENTIALLY DANGEROUS... TOO UNCONTROLLABLE... EVEN TO BE... A MARAUDER.

THEY'RE HANGING... LIKE SLABS OF MEAT! DEAD--?

NO. THANK HEAVEN! JUST ASLEEP.

AN' THEY'LL STAY THAT WAY AN' THE OTHERS TOO AN' THEY'LL NEVER GROW UP OR GET HURT OR IN DANGER--

NEVER, ORPHAN MAKER? I THINK NOT!

IT IS THE WORK OF MINUTES TO DISSENTANGLE AND AWAKEN THE CHILDREN. BUT THEIR SLACK MUSCLES AND VACANT STARES GIVE JEAN CAUSE FOR ALARM...

JOEY! GALEN! SNAP OUT OF IT! IT'S OKAY! YOU'RE SAFE, WITH AUNT JEAN...!

I NEED TO KNOW... CAN YOU TELL ME... WHERE IS YOUR MOTHER?

WE DON'T KNOW YOU! NANNY SAYS WE MUSTN'T TALK TO STRANGERS.

NANNY SAYS WE DON'T HAVE A MOTHER. WE DON'T NEED A MOTHER.

WE DON'T WANT A MOTHER! BUT, DON'T WORRY, WE'RE NANNY'S ORPHANS.

AN' SHE'LL TAKE CARE OF US AND LOVE US ALWAYS... AND WE'LL NEVER, NEVER HAFTA GROW UP.

WHAT???

IT'S THAT... PIXIE DUST! YOU USED IT ON THEM, DIDN'T YOU, NANNY?

TO GET INSIDE THEIR HEADS! TO WARP THEIR MINDS!

PUT THEM BACK! OR I PERSONALLY WILL TAKE YOU APART, BOLT BY--

YOU SEE, MY ORPHAN MAKER. NANNY'S GAMBLE DID NOT PAY OFF.

WE HAVE LOST OUR BIRDS IN THE HAND AS WELL AS THOSE IN THE BUSH!

LEARN FROM THIS, PETER, THE LESSONS OF THE OLD PROVERBS AND RHYMES. NANNY HAS ANOTHER SHE WILL SHARE WITH YOU...

"HE WHO FIGHTS AND RUNS AWAY... LIVES TO FIGHT ANOTHER DAY..."

NANNY AND THE ORPHAN MAKER... WENT UP IN A PUFF OF SMOKE! MAGIC--?

NOTHING SO ESOTERIC, JEANIE, THEY TELEPORTED AWAY BUT THEY LEFT THEIR SHIP AND THE CHILDREN, BEHIND!

SEVERAL HOURS LATER, THE MALL AREA, BETWEEN THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT AND THE CAPITOL, HAS BEEN CORDONED OFF.

GAWKERS ARE HELD AT A DISTANCE WHILE THE JOB OF UNLOADING NANNY'S LOST BOYS AND GIRLS FROM THEIR COLD SLEEP COFFINS CONTINUES...

THIS NANNY CREATURE HAD QUITE A FEW CHILDREN SEQUESTERED AWAY. WHAT DID SHE WANT WITH THEM?

AS FAR AS WE CAN TELL, HER MOTIVE WAS ALTRUISTIC, IN A TWISTED KIND OF WAY.

NANNY IS AWARE OF THE DIFFICULTIES THAT THESE... SPECIAL CHILDREN... MAY FACE.

SHE WAS TRYING TO PROTECT THEM.

FUNNY WAY A' DOIN' IT!

PYRO! MYSTIQUE!

AN' THE BLOB OF FREEDOM FORCE!

YO, X-FACTOR. HOW'S IT SHAKIN'?

YOU'VE DONE QUITE A SERVICE TO YOUR COUNTRY. FIRST THE INFANTS RESCUED IN NEW YORK... THEN THESE CHILDREN.

BECAUSE OF THIS, AND OF COURSE, BASED ON OUR RECOMMENDATION...

...YOUR CHARGE, RUSTY COLLINS, WILL BE FURLOUGHED ON HIS OWN AND X-FACTOR'S RECOGNIZANCE...

...UNTIL IT IS TIME FOR HIM TO STAND TRIAL FOR THE DESERTION OF HIS NAVAL POST.

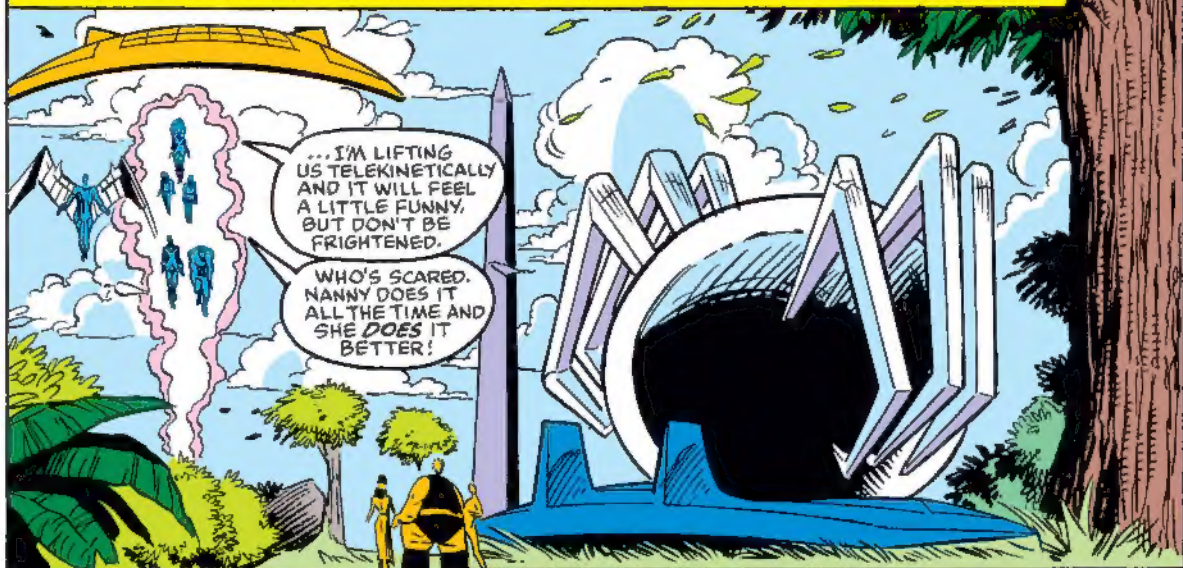
BY ALL MEANS, TAKE YOUR NIECE AND NEPHEW BACK WITH YOU.

AN' DON'T WORRY 'BOUT THE OTHER KIDS.

UNCLE SAM'S CHECKED THEIR FINGERPRINTS AN' WE FOUND SOME O' THEIR PARENTS A'READY!

WE'LL RETURN 'EM ALL SAFE AN' SOUND. DON'T YOU WORRY 'BOUT A THING!

SOON A NEW TRANSPORT, SENT BY THEIR WORRIED SHIP, HOVERS IN THE AIR ABOVE X-FACTOR AND...



...I'M LIFTING US TELEKINETICALLY AND IT WILL FEEL A LITTLE FUNNY, BUT DON'T BE FRIGHTENED.

WHO'S SCARED. NANNY DOES IT ALL THE TIME AND SHE DOES IT BETTER!



NANNY AND THE ORPHAN MAKER WERE, IN THEIR WAY, AS MUCH VICTIMS OF VILLAINY AS WE WERE. THEY FOUGHT BACK...

...AND LEFT DEATH AND DESTRUCTION IN THEIR WAKE

SCOTT, THEY CAN'T HAVE MEANT IT ABOUT THE CHILDREN BEING ORPHANS?



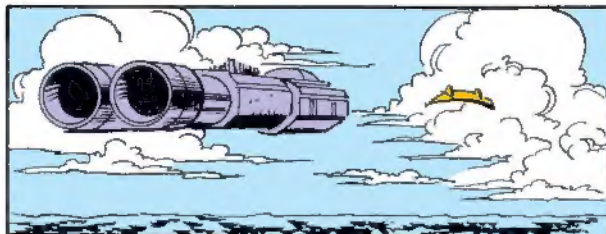
I DOUBT IT.

FREEDOM FORCE SAID SOME OF THEIR PARENTS HAD ALREADY BEEN LOCATED THROUGH FBI MISSING CHILDREN LISTS.



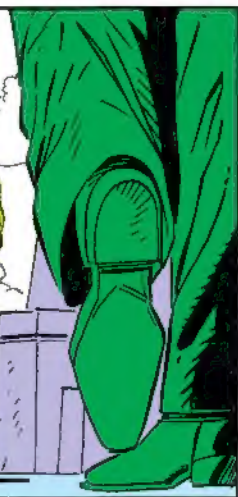
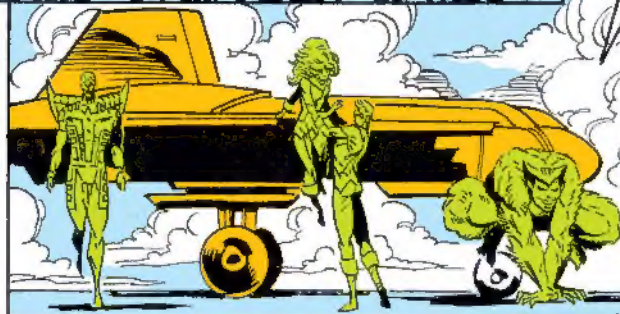
THAT'S A RELIEF. MY SISTER SARA'S OUT THERE SOMEWHERE...

...AND EVENTUALLY WE'LL FIND HER.



HEY, RUSTY, M'AN! WE HAVE GOOD NEWS!

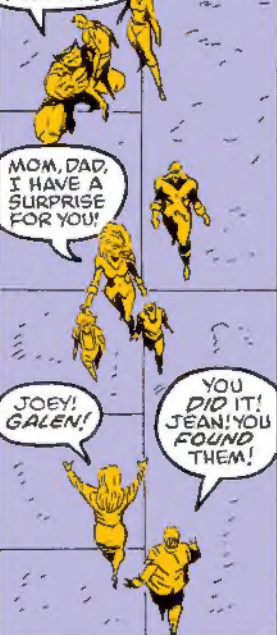
YOU'RE FURLOUGHED, GUY!



NO JAIL TILL IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO STAND TRIAL! AND THE WAY THE JUSTICE SYSTEM MOVES IN THIS COUNTRY...



...THAT COULD BE ALMOST FOREVER!



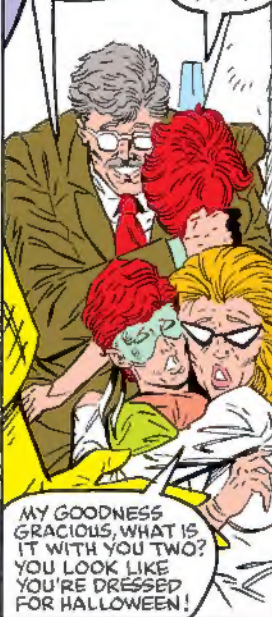
MOM, DAD, I HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU!

JOEY! GALEN!

YOU DID IT! JEAN! YOU FOUND THEM!

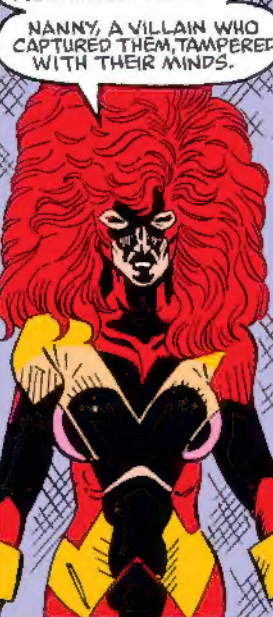
GRAMMA--?

GRAMPA? IS IT YOU?



MY GOODNESS GRACIOUS, WHAT IS IT WITH YOU TWO? YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'RE DRESSED FOR HALLOWEEN!

THEY DIDN'T KNOW ME, MOM, OR WHERE SARA IS. THEY DON'T EVEN REMEMBER HER.

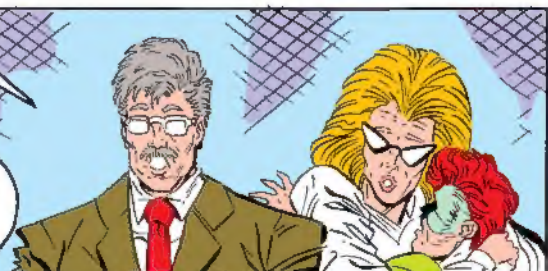


NANNY, A VILLAIN WHO CAPTURED THEM, TAMPERED WITH THEIR MINDS.



BUT THEY DO KNOW US, IT SEEMS!

AND THE BEST PLACE FOR THEM IS AT HOME WITH US! THERE'S TOO MUCH DANGER, TOO MUCH EXCITEMENT, HERE!



YOU'RE RIGHT, DAD. THEY NEED PEACE AND A NORMAL LIFE.

HOME IS WHERE THEY BELONG.

(DON'T MISS NEW MUTANTS #76-- IN WHICH THE X-TERMINATORS OFFICIALLY JOIN THE NEW MUTANTS.)

THEN X-FACTOR #41 BRINGS YOU THE MUTANT REGISTRATION ACT CONTEST WINNER-- ALCHEMY IN:

GOLDEN BOY!

FEATURING GUEST ARTIST ARTHUR ADAMS!

DON'T MISS IT!